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An Everyday Thing

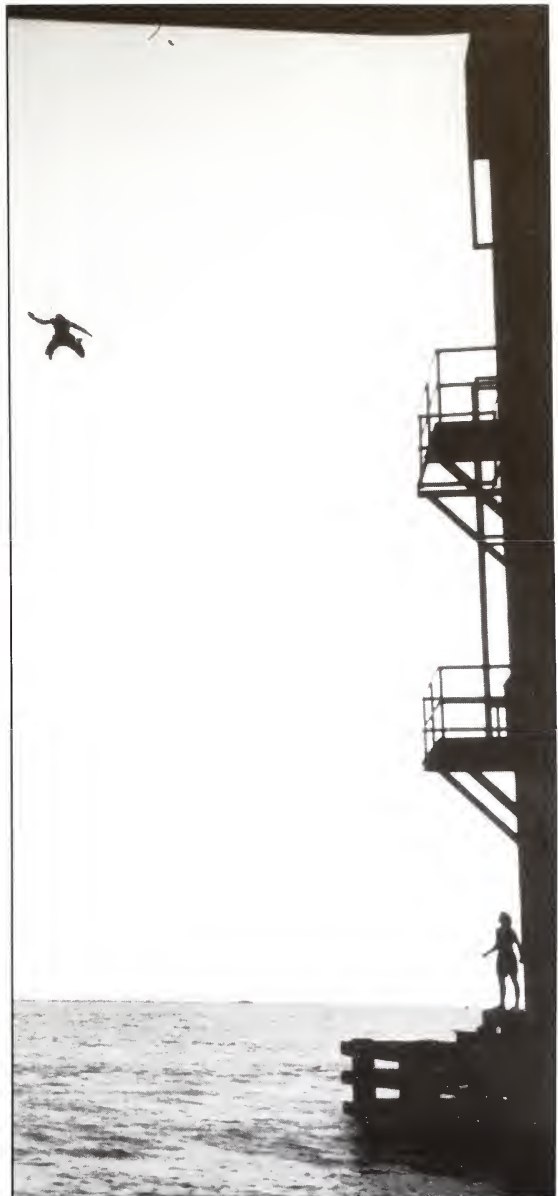
Jonathan Tyndall

They passed by
and their eyes met..
just for a second,
for the first time,
The last time they ever saw each other.

Touch

Aaron Siller

Love is not a word
Yet somehow known to be
Falling in
Falling out of the hands
That so gently hold it
I want to see
I want to feel
Something only mentioned
This action speaking boldly forth
Shouting to the sky
Telling no one why
It is hidden
I want to see
I want to feel
This feeling inside of me
Something plainly blind
Is hiding deep within
But it won't come out
And touch anyone.



James Havener

One Virgin
Micah Voravitskul

Deep August bells tolled distantly in the morning.
She, poised smartly, alertly upon her knees
like Joan of Arc
praying, barefooted,
left the soiled veil upon the altar.

Her love so wrapped in the muscles of the man
whose butterfly heart landed upon some other blossom,
and hair like honey spun,
twined around his hand and arm
so slightly, warm.

But the sun had set upon yesterday:
upon three churches over
and some crowd left in waiting;
upon twelve hour's bitter-sweet weeping;
and the horror cast upon each face assembled,
as the hors d'oeuvres turned stale
and the bridesmaids cast lots
for the catch... for ready advancement
into the guild of the jilted.

Passions had burned, some moments past,
enraptured.
And ecstasy poured forth for
mere evaporation.
The honey so rich, it scarred
and breath once sweet, now wretched-
like warm milk, saddled upon the air,
gone sour.

A broken hyacinth, a still-fragrant offering...
waiting for The Spirit,
uttering cries laced Prodigal's.
And the Lover of this child,
The Master, coming for His bride,
to carry her, a virgin,
across the mantle of sin,
now silently beaming, knelt beside...
to reach out,
to heal,
and not to rend.

The Redundancy of Oxy-Moron

Jonathan Tyndall

Far away in the distance stands up a funny clown
In a curious interrogative-type question he asks

Why must he always fall down.

I tell him the force of gravity pulls down.

He thinks pensively for a moment...

He walks away towards me now,

Yelling in a whisper,

Quietly he hurls his flattering insults.

Thinking thoughtlessly my honest lie was

unintentionally meant to cause a prevention

The sad clown springs down into the stagnant rapids,

Distorting the uneven ripples.

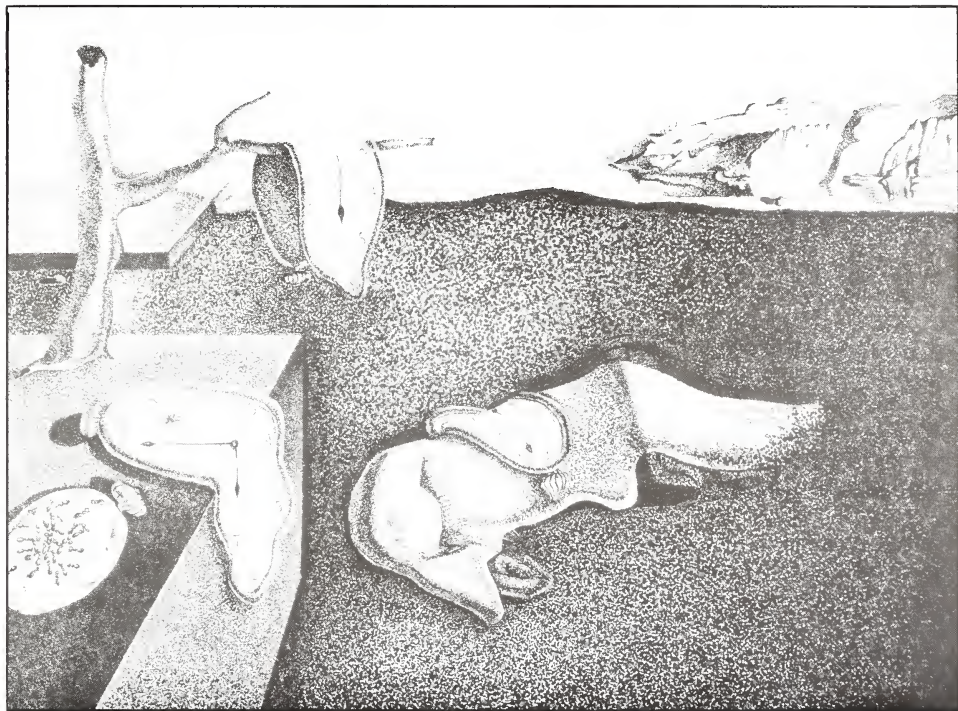
I watch him disappear above the depths of the water,

His absence forever present,

His presence absent forever,

Will always haunt me

Until I live to see me die.



Kristy Verdel

"As He Came to His Senses"

Ruel McFarland

As he came to his senses, he understood that he was in dire straights indeed. It was almost more than he could do to open a swollen left eye. Had his fall, minutes, or even hours ago, been that brutal? He didn't really scold himself, but deep down knew that it was sheer foolishness to even attempt to carry such a cumbersome load on an already seriously wounded shoulder, but being a man's man never came easy. Strength and survival were inseparable in this rugged region.

It was coming back to him in pieces now; he desperately strove to make sense of the patchwork of information his brain was dutifully sending his consciousness. Was it really that hot today? He was almost certain that he felt fire, but again, was rendered only all the more confused as to what he was perceiving. There was no doubt, however, that he was thirsty: he knew that, though this sensory message was in vain- nothing but hot, dry air to drink in.

He craned his neck like a weather-beaten stork, in excruciating agony, to expand his panorama from left to right, his head throbbing in annoyed response to any stimuli.

He silently wondered if it was o.k. to feel ashamed. He felt accusation deliriously teetering from shoulder to wounded shoulder in the guise of common sense, mocking his current predicament.

Though he began to reason that he was to keep an appointment with death, as the rays of the day decayed onto the western horizon, he found the stamina to peer into an approaching macabre storm, absorbing an otherwise dusty landscape. Peripherally, he took note of the huge, foreboding rocks beneath him that seemed to make his position all the more disadvantageous.

At second thought of the impending storm, he twisted his crippled, hampered frame, as if to muster the strength to scream: would he, could he call for help? Could his lungs even muster the power to whisper now? He immediately grew frustrated and desperate, knowing that his dad was just out of sight, right above him. The realization that help was just out of reach was more dismaying than the sum total of all his abrasions-- and there were many.

He knew that without help, he would bleed to death soon.

He and his dad had begun this unprecedented journey together, but in the face of trial, could he bear alone what he knew now was the end? He courageously decided against calling for help...

For a brief span, he distracted himself, cautiously flexing his leg like an injured animal. He tried to concentrate on the temporary relief that his legs weren't broken, but any wisp of joy quickly eluded him, hope vanishing like a mirage, and he felt like a foolish desert traveler, twice-tricked by illusion of water.

Certain that it possessed no voice, he recalled that he had never heard a scream so deafening as the wrenching of an offended nervous system in peril.

Agony began to ravenously devour his resolve, as the sun and his demeanor alike met in their crestfallen state.

He then remembered the group below-- maybe fifteen or twenty he guessed. And yet, there were many more.

All at once, the gurgling blood, like lava, began to rise in his throat, and he remembered why he was on this mission to begin (and end) with.

Among his final words, "Father, forgive them..." rang clearest forth, consuming the universe forever. ■

Feelings

Michael Hodges

I look at her closely all day and I wish
to spend a few moments with her would be bliss
should I ask her to join me for coffee or tea
or would she feel nauseous just looking at me
I'll swallow my pride
I'll ask her to dinner
with her at my side
I'll be a winner
She is my poison
and she's my desire
we'll dance through the night
We'll light it on fire
and then when the moment is ripe for the taking
I'll whisper sweet words there will be no mistaking
That you are mine and forever I'll be
Loyal to your sweet loving heart you'll see
And then in the moonlight we'll seal with a kiss
our drowning in a raging river of bliss.

It's now three weeks later and we're still together
She's starting to bore me and I just don't know whether
I can stand her much longer and put up with her whining
of "say you love me!" and "can we go out dining?"
But that's okay 'cause I've got another in mind
to sweep her off her feet
isn't it a crime?
that women don't realize more often then some
that gee let's just face it
we men are scum.

Letting Go

Laura Ellen McGhee

Fading away in a silent scream,
I'm letting go of some pain, it seems,
There's no use clinging to these memories,
Locked inside my heart....
I'm letting go...
For every beginning, there must be an end,
And one must lose in order to win.
Can one lose their life and live again?
I'm letting go...
To some I'm mending, but to Him I'm breaking.
I'm tired of taking life in my own hands.
To some I'm rising, but to Him I'm dying,
To every dream I've built upon sand.
I'm letting go...
This strong will could hold me, but then He couldn't mold me
Into the life He's planned for me.
No hope can possibly last if I continue living in the past,
And cling to a glass world that will crumble away....
I'm letting go...

Davida

Joel Clackum

A flower rests within a field of green
like a lone beautiful ship
on a sea of gray
the wind blows as if to torture
the essence of life
the soil offers no warmth for this flower's roots
and somehow it is lost
in the ebb and tide of day to day
blind men mock and scorn
beauty they cannot see

The Impoverished Manila, Philippines

Wichai Voravitskul





Its Through My Insignificance

Sarah Engle

it's through my insignificance
that I possess my strength
by not having to be someone
I can be whomever to any length
with not having to be perfect
I may do as I see is right
by my freedom to be little
I am free to use my might
it's the lack of my intelligence
through which I say I'm smart
because of my ineptness
that I am things you aren't
and through my lack of insight
come the things I have to say
along with lack of confidence
have I will of my own way
by the unimportance of successes
of risk I have no fears
and the inconsequence of failure
I fail without need for tears
if my choices had more influence
if time was not as the sea
my horizons would diminish
along with some life in me

Empty

Idella Blankenship

Riding along a coast of ecstasy
waiting to arrive.
In anticipation hopes, of fulfillment.

Grabbing, aching, seeking completion.
Pushing towards the unknown.

The loss of innocence all for the feeling of emptiness--
All to be left EMPTY

The Room of Rest?

Nat Akiona

Rhythmic tic-toc of the gilded Seiko clock;
Rustling wind that whistles softly through the window's gap;
The stark scent of monoxide being one of the wind's passengers;
The pat of softly cushioned paws on a thick pile of shag;
And piercing the darkness--
The ever-constant glow of the digital clock reminding me of the
Late hour.

- The bed's harsh caress and the softness of down;
What wondrous distractions in this cavern abound.
So as I carelessly approach the breaking of day;
I now find rest to be the most allusive of prey.

Islands Aren't So Bad

Will Melendez

I must keep these things to myself.
No one knows.
For I have seen like no other.
I have seen my reality
And my reality is frightening
like a tiresome view
Of life.

I must be a mute, should be one.
If only I could not speak,
The things I would have to say!
Nobody knows,
Unless I tell them
And then they only have my word to go by.
I can not show them these things--
Intangible experiences,
They are mine alone.
If only I was a private man
being an island wouldn't be so bad.
One is such a complete number.
Islands aren't so bad;
When surrounded by tropical waters
And dotted with exotic life.
Its only when the storms come
That it has its drawbacks.
We're susceptible to drowning.

Parable of the Sea Shell

Ruth Crawford Lindsey, staff

"Oh, it's broken," lamented Sharon as she picked up the remnant of a conch shell she'd found on the beach.

It was just a fragment, a chunk of pink and white shell with chipped and scratched scalloped edges. We tried to imagine how the shell had looked, complete and beautiful, before the churning sea-- and Time-- had taken their toll.

I thought of my husband, a victim of Alzheimer's Disease for the past ten years. At age 65, unable to speak now and dependent upon others for all his needs, he has become an exquisite shard of the wonderful person he once was, before he was broken by this degenerative disease--- and Time.

Having known and loved him in his prime, I still see him as a dedicated Christian, a warmhearted husband, and a fun-loving friend. I know him as a professional printer, a talented musician, and a published song writer. I envision the meticulously groomed, strikingly handsome man who married me fifteen years ago.

As I shave him, feed him, clean his teeth, change his clothes, and endure occasional angry outbursts, I try to treat him with respect and kindness and to handle him as gently as a once-exquisite shell. ■



Cliff Allen

On Rainbow Falls

Joel Clackum

Trickle down, Trickle down
from unknowing mountain stream
down into this deep ravine
every foot and every mile
grow from Babe to Boy
and then to mountain stream
what mineral or ore
can buy such unmatched wealth
How can, in a word I write,
tell of your beauty; yet

I try

No, neither Emerson nor Thoreau
with words could paint the grandeur
of a simple mountain stream and
its affect upon our souls
Hear the mighty shouting
or calling, if you will
of a waterfall who's Maker
knows its purpose well
who in the thousand years
that man has ruled and reigned
and scientific study
has shown us higher gain
who, I ask
has soothed so great the pain
as a simple mountain stream
a voice without a name

*"Saturday"**Tim Roberson*

It was pretty hot. Yeah. I'd say so. I was constantly wiping my brow with my stained handkerchief. The place was just about empty. The lunch crowd was gone. The doors and windows were open and sunlight and dust came in from outside. There was a slight breeze, too, but it didn't really cool things off; it just blew more dirt in and added it to the dirt that was already on the old wooden floor.

I was at a table for four by myself. The slowly spinning fan above me didn't help my sweating problem. None of the fans in the place did, for that matter. I sat facing the windows at the front of the store. Behind me was the bartender. He was probably polishing glasses like they do in the movies. He was probably hot, too. There was also that old lady.

She was seated across from me. She looked Moorish. She looked like a pear. I had a pear in my pocket, so I got it out and sat there and ate my pear as I watched her. After a while she noticed I was staring at her and she rudely asked, "Was ist los?" I took another bite and mumbled with my mouth full "Je ne sais pas," and in my mind I said I don't know and I really don't care and besides, with my luck you'll probably start talking to me and I don't want to listen and I probably won't hear you and besides...you're just a pear.

I took another bite from my pear, looked at her some more, saw her mouth moving, wiped my own mouth, and got up to buy a drink. I still had the pear in my hand as I went to the bar. I could feel her pear-ish green eyes looking at my back and I could imagine her mouth moving but I couldn't hear what was coming out. I suppose I was dripping pear juice on the floor, but I didn't really pay attention to it. The way I figured, the bartender guy had no reason to get upset with me for dripping pear juice on his dirty old floor when he wouldn't even take time to sweep up the huge pear sitting in the middle of his bar. I bought a thervetha and took it back to my table.

I took another bite while staring at the pear across from me. I downed half my thervetha and took another bite without ever taking my eyes off the biggest pear I'd ever seen.

It opened its mouth again and this time I heard it ask if I had a problem. "Non," I said, and wondered why I should have a problem when it's my day off and I'm enjoying a pear and a thervetha in my favorite bar. So I said "Non" again, and wondered why it thought I had a problem. As I stared at it, it stood up and I think it mumbled in my direction, something like 'some people,' but I don't know for sure and I said "Non" again, and wondered why it thought I had a problem. ■

Les Oiseaux
*James Havener**Untitled*
Becky Wayne, staff

O Lord
How long will You cover our weakness with glory?
Your earth we call Reality, our sole support, our Maker.
And Your stars, the only pattern for our ideal heights.
While we reject the Love, the best You gave,
And all else, only borrowed from the dust,
Prefer to examine

Do not leave me sitting,
when you rise and leave,
merrily singing tunes I do not know.
When I look after you,
I see the most beautiful creation,
yet when I turn I see another equally fair,
and from hence another, and another, and another
merrily singing tunes I cannot understand,
calling lovers I will never be,
dancing steps I will never learn.
Yet you are beautiful, as are your friends and neighbors,
but I cannot join your merry promenade.
I will not.
I will watch you leave,
and continue my day with the memory of your voice.

PBS Art *Julie Dalton*

I want to live in Bob Ross' land
amongst the "happy little trees"
And "happy little mountains"
Trampling through the
Yellow Ochre grasses and
Running Eternity out through
My illusionary World
Of Blissful Vegetation.

Delighted Daffodils and Perky Pines
Tease my eyes but my
Nose searches for Fragrance
- Even a bitter spruce scent
To break through this
Canvas canopy of carbon-copied
Peace.

Pastel Painted mountain peaks
Pull my Searching Soul
towards their 2-dimensional Reality
- Not accommodating my Desire
To Climb, To See
The Other Side.

Shadows lurk at even
Angles behind the
"Happy little trees" and
"Happy little Mountains"
But there is No Sun in
This Xerox Xanadu.

This false Utopian is
Exposed as a stagnant
30 minute package of
Blind Bliss without the
Sun - the Shadow Source -
Just as Life becomes a
Pastel painted Conformist's
Reality on Paper Thin Canvas
Without Defeat and Misery.

I Called Myself *Jonathan Tyndall*

The phone rang and I answered it.
"Hello," I said.
"Hello," a voice replied,
As if expecting that I ask who I called for.
But I didn't call. He did.
At the same time we asked, "Who do you wish to speak to?"
"But you called me!"
I was confused, and from what I gathered, so was he.
I asked, "Who is this?"
He replied using my name.
It was I!
I hung up in a daze.
Then fearfully I pushed redial, and kept getting a busy signal.

Now is How the Who is Here *Aaron Paul*

All things and everything
and yes and no and yo;
And over here and over there
And in-between is so.
Where is it and who is it
and how and why and when;
And what is said in the end
Up around the bend.
This and that and which is which
And heareth whoeth do;
And loosen this and listen to that
And bolt and nut and screw.
Now is how the who is here
To what the wild where;
Is when the how who's here to see
Who's hiding under there?
Then stop and go and yield and quit
and quit and quit and stop;
Then yip and yap and flip and flap
Will slip and Slap and pop.
Do not get this, cannot get this,
Nothing here to get,
Because lip, lap belly-smack...
Tomorrow I'll forget.

Rendezvous

Nat Akiona

Sergeant F. Marlow Banks was not a man given to unnecessary bursts of emotion, but he smiled as he gazed down the long dining table. On either side of the brightly colored table sat three generations of his family, a family that he had watched grow for many years now. Sergeant Banks had been the one to quiet those late night fears, provide strict disciplinary order, teach responsibility, and provide a steady role-model for all of the boys in the family. He was known as a just and truthful man, but not one who let emotion over-rule reason. Today would be different, though, somehow he knew that it would be different. Today would be special, but could he maintain the strict composure that was characteristic of him in front of the people that he had provided for so long? Each family member was laughing and singing 'Happy Anniversary', but to him, the whole action seemed in complete until he found what he was looking for -- Marjorie.

His tired be-speckled eyes continued to file through the mass of laughing adults and children until he found her. Her curly hair, which had forfeited the deep rich auburn coloring of its youth to the graying process of maturity, was tied back into a modest bun befitting her age. His gaze stayed planted firmly upon her, blocking out all others around her. He was certain that, had he seen her, William Shakespeare would have coined some beautifully lyrical line in her honor. Her hair, that lovely silver hair...how he could remember, he did not know, but he did. He thought back to that day.

The day that he recalled could be traced back 50 years, five children, and twelve grand-children ago. The breeze was as clean as her peaches-and-cream complexion and he could get lost in her eyes as easily as he could in the blue-green ocean that would separate them. They were young, so much younger than thirty, and they were being asked to endure so much. The wedding vows that they had taken two days earlier would be put to their greatest test at such an early stage of development, but they were determined that this would strengthen the love they had cultivated for nearly three years of courtship. A world ravaged by war had other plans for them.

Sergeant Banks, lost in thought, rose from his place at the head of the table and began making his way past the well-wishing children, towards his aged bride. The whole dining room seemed to hum with the sounds of the crowd, but Sergeant Banks could almost hear the faint sound of a swing-time band playing, through a raspy old speaker, in the middle of it all. The steps across the dining room seemed to roll back and forth, much as the gangplank did that day so long ago.

He remembered looking back at the crowd of women who had all come out that sunny afternoon to see their men leave, some oblivious to the very real possibility that many would not return. There stood Marjorie. The sun caught the fiery-red highlights in her hair and they seemed to call to him... "Stay with me, don't leave me. Why can't you stay?" Her tears were like acid to his will, and his first instinct was to run away from the awaiting terrors of war, and back to the sanctity that he knew in her arms. He turned back towards her and gave way to his impulses. The green army duffel hit the dock with a resounding thud as he dropped it to embrace her.

"I'll write you everyday!" came Marjorie's muffled voice against his chest. He could feel her salty-hot tears against his well-pressed uniform shirt. His own tears ran down his neck and burned the nicks left by the army-issue razor.

Marjorie's hair held the scent of lemon verbena, her favorite fragrance. Frank took her bright auburn locks in his hand and buried his face deep into the mass, soaking each strand with his own tears. The smell of the sea air faded, over-powered by the smell of lemon verbena. Then he turned to her fully, gazing into the deep ocean-blue of her eyes.

"I'll be back as soon as I can possibly manage. I'll write you every day. Remember, I love you, Marjorie, and no matter what happens-- I always will." Frank did not hold back the tears that day. He wept freely, as if it were totally natural for him to do so. This was an extraordinary event for Marjorie, who had never seen Frank cry in all the years that she had known him.

Frank's last sight of land came two hours later, and he thought that he could still see those fiery-red strands dancing and waving in the sun.

Both he and Marjorie remained faithful to their word. Their letters to each other were the main staple for him during the two years of his tour. Frank would receive his letters every-other week. Whenever he received them, he would

retreat to the privacy of his bunk for hours-on-end where he would read, re-read the loving words of his wife. Then he would write for several hours answering Marjorie's questions about the progress of the war, his health, when he thought that he would be home, his friendships with other grunts in the trenches, and so forth. It was his one source of release, and all of the other soldiers know not to bother Sarge when he was writing. For him there was no other reason for getting out than to see her again, until his third month of service.

Marjorie's letter was especially heavy that week, and it was all that Frank could do to keep from tearing it open before he had retreated to the seclusion of his bunk. Marjorie's normally steady penmanship was scrawled and excited. Frank's eyes scanned the pages hurriedly until he found the line - 'I'm pregnant, Frank! We're going to have a child!'. Sergeant Banks whooped out a hearty note excitedly, and began to weep. Luckily, he was all alone in the barracks. Had there been anyone else there, they might have been taken by surprise with this sudden outburst.

The dining room was still buzzing with the excitement of the party as Frank stopped behind the chair of his wife. She turned and laughed with the youngest grand-daughter, who sat next to her. Marjorie's smile seemed to bring the lights up to a greater level of illumination, almost as if there had been no light until she smiled. She tousled the bright red hair of the grand-daughter and laughed again. A gentle breeze, laden with the scent of lemon verbena, wafted up to greet Sergeant Banks, pulling him back into his preoccupation with past memories.

Frank found himself at the scene of their reunion in the spring of 1944. The day had finally come, and he stood atop the port side of the ship for hours until land finally came into sight. Through his tears of joy, Frank saw her. The red stripes of the flag in her right hand seemed pale and dull when set against the backdrop of her hair. Cradled in her left arm she held their smiling two-year-old daughter.

He rushed off the gangplank and into her arms. Immediately, he was surrounded in the blanket of fiery-auburn curls that he had assimilated with love, home, and all that he knew to be good. The scent of lemon verbena bathed him in a rapturous stupor of joy.

Marjorie turned her slightly-arthritic neck to gaze into the soft gray eyes of her husband-of-fifty-years, today. He had been standing there for quite some time now, and all attention had turned to him. She could see that he had been crying a bit. The tears of remembrance were familiar to her, for she had cried them all this week in preparation for today. All of the memories were fresh to her once again, and she could see that the softer side of the man she had loved all these years had dissolved the rough and tumble exterior. She could almost see her smiling G.I. in his dress khakis and brightly polished shoes. The years melted away with the harsh outer coat.

"Happy anniversary, Dear. I love you." Frank said with tears filling his eyes for the first time in quite a while. At that moment, to him, his bride had instantaneously regained the outward beauty he remembered from so long ago, those fiery-red locks called once more to him.

"I love you, too." Marjorie whispered and leaned into the kiss as passionately as she had on the dock so many years ago. ■



Cliff Allen

Daybreak

Don Palesh

The flute whistles a solitary tune,
A soft glow pushes through the dark,
The piccolo sounds to call back the moon,
Then a beam of light flares like a spark.

The clarinet sings to awaken the sun,
The stars slowly lose their twinkle,
A trumpet blows as the shadows run,
The blackness fades, the bells tinkle.

The horns, bellowing, beckon the day,
As the triumphant dawn arises,
The moonlight dwindles and soon gives way,
While with morning comes surprises.

The orchestra burst forth in song,
The flowers in splendor unfold,
The symphony of life is strong,
The beauty of daybreak untold.

Sunset Thought

Jonathan Tyndall

stay awhile
wear the smile
do not fear
cry no tears
hold my hand
cross the sand
see the star
from afar
see my eyes
no more lies
tears for you
this is true
feel the wind
be my friend
cry no more
je t'adore
sunset red
just ahead
stretch and breathe
never leave

The Sobering Monologue of Hinley, A Professional Dualist

Micah Voraritskul

"The gravediggers struggled brutally to break ground for my mother's coffin, I was told. The icy weather, you see."

"We stood on that February morning, wrenched and sober, with a man in black muttering some glib discourse...It was all so real."

"I had seen many funerals in my mind; I had created the scenes before, glowing strangely in all the shades of white and gray and black, but this seemed different. It, tangible and harsh like a scalding of my mouth or a cold rain-shower in the morning, undulled my senses."

"...The maniac appeared from nowhere, tearing through the cemetery, whooping all the time. I know not from which house he'd come nor to which he tore, but he shattered our precious dirge with the foreign barrage of laughter. The stranger long-jumped the hole that contained my mother's box and accosted me in my sorrow."

"His were tears of joy and that's what made me faint."

"I did not struggle when his wiry hands took hold of my shoulders. I grew increasingly dizzy. Eyes brimming, he uttered in a tone halfway between a croak of reprimand and the cry of a lottery winner, 'It's a girl, man. It-is-a-girl!'"

"Just after being released, the solid February ground welcomed my head, and with my mouth slightly open, I lay, hypnotized by the slow-motion snowflakes."

"My maniac-savior gingerly leapt the Pennington family crypt and left my life forever." ■

If

Katie Simpson

If...

If is a big word.

If always came up in the conversation.

"If things were different," he'd always say

Well they're not.

If only he loved me.



Cliff Allen

The Silent Reproach of Hinley's Sister, A Frightfully Lonely Woman.

James Harener

In thinking I simply wanted to raise the question, what about the rest of the family? Hinley, the dualist of consequence (in my mind) finds a means of escape, a way to relieve himself, much like a heart-felt yawn or a bowel movement, in the explosive gesticulations of "the maniac" who "tearing through the cemetery, whooping all the time" destroyed the "wrenched and sober" countenance of Hinley. However, this is how the daughter of Mrs. Pennington recalled the event:

"Those idiots. I still can't believe it happened. The fools. My own family. You would've had to be there to get the full effect of my fffaaammillies stupidity."

"It would've taken a genius like my mother to have died in the absolute coldest month of the year. I swear, she would have to leave on a frigid note. The nerve."

"Any ways, my mother dies, it was about time, and we all come to her funeral, another miserable family moment. those poor fools trying to break the frozen ground. Poor gorgeous fools. Seeing men sweat in winter always..."

"Ohhh my family, you would have to know them, my brother, my, my, if only you could have seen him. He truly is embarrassing."

"No poise. That is exactly what my family does not have. I swear. Here we all are, freezing, it was snowing by the way, and like a freak comes this man, screaming 'It's a girl, man. It - is - a - girl!!!"

"You should've seen him, crying like a real man. So beautiful. I absolutely adore him. I wish I could carry his baby, ohh for one..."

"For heaven's sake-- but my family, my brother, he totally let down the male sex, and our family. He fainted, panzey. Of all the things to do. What a fool!!! What a fool."

"Oh, down with them all...let the bunch of them rot, no pun intended, but I couldn't help but stare after that MAN. What a MAN." ■

Leave With All You Care For

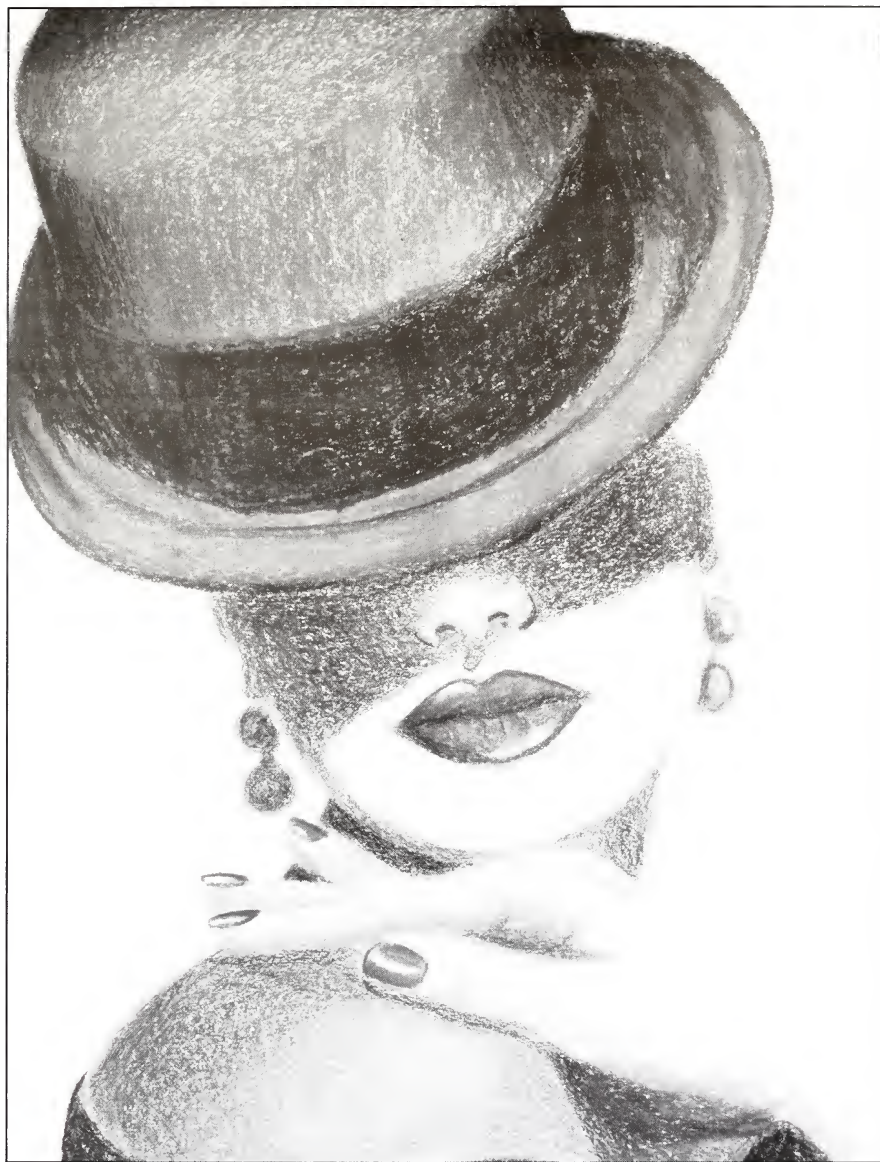
Aaron Paul

On a train that leads to nowhere
So you won't be disappointed when you get there.
And on the scenic view you'll see
Nothing that pertains to thee;
Just fall asleep and slip away and don't think of your yesterday.

Cloudy

Jonathan Tyndall

If I can fall through a cloud
I can as easily see through you,
Just as you say the way you see me
Now we're both skydiving to seek proof
And you parachute safely to the ground
While my body is flattened on a cirrus



Leah Miklos

"About My Faith..."

Bethany J. Dukes

"Hallelujah!" The chorus of praise had already started from the back of the 'ol meetin' house, an' Rev'rend Shepherd hadn't even reached his preachin' spot yet!

That was a few hours ago. Still can't believe how a night that started out so holy could get so complicated. My Faith has caused me all sorts of trouble tonight!

Well, startin' off, the night was full o' glory all ov'r. Didn't need no prophecy to tell me that we was gonna have a service chock-full o' holiness. Why, even if the flimsy ol' meetin' house did have walls, it wouldn't've kept out the glory-o-God tonight.

I don't reckon they's anything as good as a church meetin' in that ol' place. Ev'rthin' was as it should be: the splint'ry ol' pews was a lined up ever so nicely, seatin' the saints they was; and the skeeters was as thick an' prickly as they wuz at last week's Fourth o' July picnic. An' ever' one was there tonight, a-waitin' fer a blessin'.

Why, even Sistuh Ailsmith was there! Guess she got over 'er most recent illness. Let's see. . . last week was rheumatism, an' the week before it was achin' knees. But praise the Lord, she was back tonight, a-shoutin' as loud as ev'r.

An' Billy Joe was there tonight, too. I 'member when 'e firs' started comin', an' no one much liked 'im on 'count of what 'e used to do (a-course I won't tell ya what that is, 'it ain't quite proper fer me to say) but 'tween you an' me, he was a-violatin' our official church doctrine. But it's aw right now, seein' as how he got convicted 'bout it an awl.

Jus' then the preach'r started up. How gran' his voice sounded in that ol' meetin' house! You'd-a almost thunk it was the voice of the Awlmighty hisself. An' the ruddiness of his face - Shakin' like it always does, with that bit o' flab a-wobblin' with the fury of the Lord.

I always says that's the storin' place for the message of God - jus' waitin' to pop out an' bless that house o' souls.

"Will ya open yer Bibles to Acts 8, an' come into the presence of the Lord with me?"

"Amen, Brothuh, yes we will!"

A-course Sistuh Opal was the loudest of all. Always has been. Some don't much like opal, seein' how she tawls so much an awl. . . but they's jus' jealous of 'er blessin's.

"Then they laid their han's on them, and they received the Holy Ghos'."

"Amen, Hallelujah - c'mon an' preach it brothuh - Praise the Lord!"

"Sayin', give me also this pow'r, that on whomsoever I lay my hands, he may receive the Holy Ghos'," the Rev'rend hollered out over the rest of us sheep. An' the pow'r of 'is voice thundered out the word o' the Lord, and set the sawdust t' swirlin' around 'is feet.

"Amen, preachuh!" (That was me.)

Oh! That Joe Carpenter's boy was back in service agin tonight. How dare he even show 'is face aftuh gettin' that poor Mary White in such trouble? She used to be a good girl . . . a good friend of my eldest daughter, Faith. A-course I don't let 'em pal aroun' like they used to since she got in the family way.

"Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight o' God."

"Amen!"

Lil' Jimmy was settin' right nex' to 'is paw. He shore is growin' up real nice. You shoulda seen 'im the firs' time 'e got a blessin' of the Holy Ghos'. He was hootin' an' hollerin' an' dancin' awl over the place. An' the look-o-glory that shone from that yungin's face was so bright we barley needed lanterns in that ol' meetin' place! Abigail Smith didn't tawk to me fer a week after Jimmy's receivin' the blessin'. Ya see, her young Johnny hadn't yet been so bless'd. I jus' praise God that my Jimmy's seen the light. What a holy chile!

But I started wonderin' 'bout my Faith. She's eighteen and does nothin' 'cept stare at awl the righteousness

goin' on 'round 'er. At prayer meetin's she jus' sets an' bows 'er head an' awl. She don' do nothin' partic'lar bad, ya see - she jus' nev'r got a good fillin' of the Spir't like the rest of us.

"An' we thank ya, Lord. . . ." the prechuh began a-prayin'.

An' then ya know what happen'd? I couldn' hardly believe my eyes - that pregnant Mary White walked right in, headin' to sit on the back pew by Abigail Smith. An' that dress she was wearin' was cut a little low - 'twern't no real shock to me ya understan' - but I would nevuh 'low my Faith to wear somethin' like that. Well, I guess ol' Abigail had 'nuf sense not to let sech a disgrace sit by 'er. She jus' peeped out of them prayerful eyes an' didn' budge; still as a pillur-a-salt.

Mary, 'shamed so - an' rightly she shoulda been - she slipped back out of the meetin' house. An' my Faith followed right after 'er! Now, I'll tell ya, I couldn't figure out what my girl might be up to . . . so I headed right after the both of 'em. That Mary could be a rotten influence, ya know.

Well then, out I went, even with awl the peekin' eyes lookin' after me - 'cept Opal's a-course. She turned 'round entirely.

They was a-headin' straight fer the smelly ol' Anderson stable. "Ow!" Mary yelped into the muggy air. I wonder'd what could be a-ailin' the evil chile now. An' jus' as I figur'd, she'd gone an' stepped on a rust-covered nail. Her foot was a-bleedin' as fast as the Red Sea flows.

"Wait here. I'll be back soon," my Faith promised. She grabbed an ol' milkin' pail an' darted into the darkness. Her new yellur-cullor'd calico was a-swishin' 'round her femininity real purdy- not the way Mary's dress did on her. Why, she was a-footin' it off in the direction of Peace River. All the congr'gation- I could still hear 'em from the bottom o' the hill- they was breakin' out in prayerful hymn: "There's a river o' life flowin' out through me..." Oh! What holy sounds. I could even hear my lil' Jimmy's outta-key voice 'bove the res'.

An' here came my Faith back through the bushes. Only she was singin' somethin' a little different, kinda to herself. "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers o' livin' water." Well, my Faith, that ain't what's a-gonna be flowin' out o' Mary's belly in a few months! ■



Cliff Allen



Drew Green

Denim *Loyd Harp*

Waltzing through the department store
and I'm looking for some black jeans,
but I can't seem to find any.

Traipsing through my family history
and I'm looking for some black genes,
but I can't seem to find any.

So where do I get such curly hair?
None of that matters, I guess.
It's really you that I'm worried about.
You still think it means something,
but most of us have found the Truth.
Some things just is as they are.

So I put some bleach in the washer.
Added some dye, too.
Now they're multi-colored.
And so am I, and so are you.
You just don't know it yet.
If you would just open your eyes and
smell the Color, Life would breathe much easier for you.
I just think you're still afraid of looking
back to find black genes.

Salad *Tim Roberson*

"I received...I received a postcard." Boy.
"I received...I received...a light on my head." Girl.
"Very good." Mother.
"I received an invitation to a banquet." Girl.
"Spell 'banquet.'" Mother.
"B-A-N-K-W-I-T." Girl.
"Banquet, not bank-wit. I think you spell it
B-A-N-Q-U-I-T."
Mother.

"Hello," said the young man.
"Hi." Mother. Boy. Girl.
"What can I get you?" asked the young man.
"I'll have two pots of hot water." Mother.
"Cold water." Boy. Girl.

"You want to get your money's worth." Mother.
"I don't have much." Boy. Girl.
"Let's see...well, it's a little disappointing, but let's not
say anything - there's not much we can do about it."
Mother.

"Hello," said the young man.
"Hi." Mother. Boy. Girl.
"Here's your hot water," said the young man,
"...and your cold water..."

"He was strange." Mother. Boy. Girl.

"She's drinking hot water," said the young man.

On Kevin *Daniel Ott*

There once was a fellow named Kevin
who searched all his life after Heaven
but alas his long hair
kept him from there
so he works at the seven eleven

President's Award for Poetry

The Diversion**Kristy Verdel**

Does she find herself allured by the sound?
It buried itself among all the ashes,
After the sinister brilliance had faded.
Lingering heavily--sweet sway of guile,
Calling, echoing, pulling her toward it.

She tried to cross that collapsing bridge,
But her cautious steps then reversed their path
And returned to the smoldering site they had left.
The ravenous, whirling fumes wrapped her warm,
As she joined the whimsical dance of deceit.

Never will she know the solace of the grave
As she faces this charming charlatan wind,
the swindler of fate and serenity.
Engulfing, quenching each reverie.
Another debauched victory.

Easy Evening**Becky Wayne, staff**

Wind playing in the trees.
Chatter of little children happily enjoying
the mid-evening pleasure of running
barefoot in the grass,
Moon and stars appearing in the slow
way that heightens the joyful
anticipation of darkness,
Pleasure of fresh-mown grass and
flower fragrance,
Slamming of screen doors that keep out
neither mosquitos nor the free, gentle
breeze,
Warm smells of a special meal for which
all the family gathers, bowing their
heads as grateful children of the God
above all gods.
Each part peacefully closes the day
and lets time move on with renewed hope.

Starry Nights**Sarah Engh**

when i lie beneath lights glistening far,
far beyond my world
and mattering matters,
my motive to living as within the hearts
of every man,
am i pure

do i trust my motive to leave me
as utterly unimportant as i am
surrounded by all better than i,
all better than i
all worse than i
someone there to take my place,
the understudy who acts more brilliantly
than me

influence,
money,
escape from the systems of influence or money,
truth,
Truth

i am not of this world
yet i am here to...
to ...
God...
what am i here to do

i have a Master:
influence,
money,
escape,
may i serve my Master
not of this world- -
not through this world,
why use this world to destruct

when i lie beneath lights glistening far,
far beyond my world
and meaningless matters,
my motive to living,
am i Pure

“Branded for Life?: Emotional Illness and the Christian”

Debbie Mattson

The stigma attached to emotional illness can be a crippling one—perhaps more crippling than the disease itself would ever prove to be. Sadly, this is frequently the case in Christian circles as well. The mere mention of terms such as Panic Disorder, Manic Depression, and Emotional Collapse often bring preconceived stereotypes to the minds of those who have had no experience in dealing with such ailments. Hurting individuals are often intimidated from seeking the help that they need for fear that their malady will become public knowledge. If the emotionally ill person happens to share his/her secret with the wrong individual, comments such as, “I always know he was a little different” may begin to circulate. Such insensitivity is humiliating to a person who is in all probability, already suffering from low self-esteem. Many emotionally ill people feel that they are somehow to blame for their infirmity, and insensitivity only pushed this skeleton further back into their closet.

We hear much about the homosexual’s dilemma concerning “coming out of the closet.” It is a fact that many emotionally ill people face the same type of painful decision. Once a person is dubbed “emotionally ill,” they are often considered to be “unstable” as well. Many people mistakenly assume that the two terms are synonymous; yet, this is not necessarily the case. Well-meaning people who are ignorant of the subject may attempt to educate themselves, but often it is with the wrong material. The most psychotic illnesses are usually the most interesting to read about, thus many people come away with a false sense of “understanding” emotional illness. Feeling quite expertise on the subject, such people tend to make broad generalizations based on their limited experience. For instance, the emotionally ill person may be compared to “poor Aunt Martha” who also had “trouble with her nerves.” The well-meaning individual will then enthusiastically recount the sad tale of Aunt Martha’s eventual institutionalization—an emotionally ill person’s worse fear! It is safe to assume that most emotionally ill people despise being compared with someone else, which is yet another reason that many continue to suffer in silence.

Many Christians are eager to treat those suffering emotionally with quick spiritual prescriptions. One of the most dangerous practices in the pentecostal church today is that of holding deliverance sessions for the emotionally ill. This idea that emotional illness stems from an indwelling demonic spirit can bring false comfort to a suffering person. It allows the individual the option of escaping the stigma attached to emotional illness by spiritualizing the condition. While it may be true that the demon possessed and the emotionally ill are sometimes plagued by similar symptoms, the two conditions are not usually related. It is important to note that a careful study of the scriptures makes it clear that a Christian cannot be demon possessed. Overzealous counselors, eager to “exorcise” the illness, most likely have no idea of the psychological and spiritual damage that they are inflicting upon these desperate, hurting people. Since an emotional illness cannot be “cast out,” the still-suffering patient is then left to question the authority of God over Satan, thus plunging them deeper into despair.

Misunderstood. What many Christians do not understand is that emotional illness is indeed a legitimate illness that warrants appropriate treatment. A pastor would not advise a parishioner with pneumonia to “take two scriptures” and call him in the morning. While spiritual guidance is essential to those suffering from emotional illness, it is not a cure-all. There is increasing evidence that supports the fact that many emotional illnesses stem from biochemical imbalances that can be stabilized with the appropriate medication. Ignoring emotional illness will not make it go away. It is a very real sickness that even the most devout Christian is not immune to. Although it is possible for God to heal any illness, it is not wise for an individual suffering emotionally to forego medical treatment while waiting to be healed. This kind of disease will not heal itself, and postponing proper treatment can lead to disastrous results such as suicide.

What can a Christian community do to prevent such disasters from occurring? 1. Be available. Many emotionally ill people find a counterfeit solace in isolation, which is in reality, their worst enemy. 2. Recognize your limitations in counseling. Minister to those in need of help, but encourage them to seek medical counsel as well. A qualified physician will be able to rule out any physical cause for the symptoms. 3. Do not cease to pray for the individual and the individual's family. While the person may seem to be improving, emotional pain runs deep and is often slow in healing. This pain also affects those who love the suffering individual. Talk therapy can also be very beneficial to both the patient and the family in dealing with the particular illness. 4. Do not judge the suffering individual. Realize that the person is not in control of what is happening to him/her, and that it is not a weakness on his/her part. If a person suffering from emotional illness could simply "snap out of it" or "get it together," then that person would have done so a long time ago! 5. Do not treat the individual any differently. Do not affix a permanent "sick in the head" or "unstable" label to his life. Do not attempt to handle him with "kid gloves." Most emotionally ill people, with proper treatment, function just as normally as anyone else. Chances are good that you may already know such a person and are unaware of his illness. The next time you lock eyes with one of these courageous people may very well be the next time that you come face to face with your Sunday School teacher, worship leader, or even your pastor. ■



Danny Baker

A Club Kid Senses God

Will Melendez

Dark, heavy dark.
One, two, three, more piercing beams.
Shooting, slicing through.
Colors running wild through space.
Fastest, faster, fast moving- now slowing.
Slow motion caught in time.
Rainbows ebbing through upstretched arms, hands.
An explosion of white flashes for two
(Hold it, stay in pose, caught in sway)
Three seconds. Then blackness, rays of light again.
Exposure of the motion of heads, bodies.
Moving and moving and moving
All around. Surrounding. Becoming entwined
Together, with unison- now one.
Movement as one.
Everybody together as one. What was seen.

Beats, heavy beats.
Loud, hard fingers beat.
The drum upon facial templates.
The bass booms and hits.
Beats and bass roll over into
One motion, one surrounding sound.
It's all so very, very hard.
Bouncing around, up and down,
Inside and out. Faster and faster.
Then stop. The breakdown comes,
Like water cleansing, in waves
Riding the volume all the way up.
It rolls over in waves
That hit right through to the soul.
Raised hands hear the music
Vibrate in the air-
Vibration of the mind and spirit.
Catch the wave. Catch it!
Now ride. "Ride that wave!" What was heard.

High, heavy high.
Tight anticipation. Released tension.
Eating away of weariness
With each rounded beat and soothing vocal byte.
Waves of sound curl around and through the body
Like a soul vibe sensation.
So many sensations wash over and over
Until there is a dizzy lifting.
Vibes rush in like an uncontrollable flood.
But this is not completion.
Somewhere inside, the spirit man
Calls forth his battle cry. Amidst this pseudo-joy.
And He answers.
He comes out of nowhere
Filling the spirit man with His presence.
There, right there in the middle of the sway.
He takes the spirit out of the unison
To lift up unto Himself.
So that the spirit is now one of the
Sons of God.
Worship explodes from love, unity, power.
The movement becomes praise.
Raised hands become thanksgiving.
No longer one, now two.
They are the Fellowship. What was felt.
GOD.

Notre Cherchons le Coeur

James Havener

What treasure has been hidden in the caverns of my heart
As the silt of my crude lusts settle?
Purity courses through my veins, cleansing chemicals which never stop to start.
What once was precious ore is now a worthless metal.
What hand can reach to the depths of my soul?
What love can make a torn heart whole?

Self inflicted scars of the masochist,
Solitude converted to seclusion by a pervert monastic.
Pain craving love craving pain,
Fanning the embers quenching the flame.
What mind can put me back together?
To what can I cling that will never sever?

Searching in the depths of hearts ankle deep
I found nothing but rotting corpses of love long left
And opaque clouds of the darkest silt.
Desperate to leave, burning to weep,
Running through mires of hearts ankle deep.
Where do I turn to reach the shore?
How do I leave while crying for more?

I don't know if I love, don't know if I can,
Is this what it means to be a man.
To love, what is that?
Take your pick from a hat.
Who has loved, I will know!
Love today is a third rate show.
Show me love. Show me please?...
Show me a lover who isn't a tease...

Lover, where are you?
Lover, who are you?
Lover, please find me.
Lover, please heal me.
Lover do you know?
Lover, do you see?
Lover, is it...



Kathy LaRock

"The Silver Slipper"

Debbie Mattson

She had hair that looked like spun silk-white and cottony soft, and she always seemed old to me. And yet, the sparkling eyes embedded in wrinkled flesh appeared much younger than the one who possessed them. Her husband was a timid gentleman who complemented her spirited aura. They had no children-only a cat that could be found laying lazily about the house.

She was not a wealthy woman, but possessed a certain flair for elegance and a sophisticated style which never detracted from her warmth. Visits to her home were always a pleasure. The aroma of freshly baked goods mingled with the musty odor of old age seemed pleasant-almost comforting. I cannot remember a time when I left her home without a treasure of some sort. Often it was a piece of glassware acquired at a yard sale. At other times it was a freshly baked cake.

Whatever the trinket, it was always accompanied by a fascinating story of one of her many adventures. The various pieces of art work, her husband's purple heart medal, and the silent baby grand in the corner held a wealth of memories that she loved to share. No museum could have held a child's attention more than her well-kept home, laden with memorabilia of yesteryear.

A holiday was not complete without a visit to her home. On Thanksgiving, Grandma would dress us as pilgrims and take us across the street to call on her. Daddy would then drive her to Kentucky Fried Chicken to pick up her Thanksgiving feast-in-a-box. It was a holiday tradition that had become special to her and her husband. At Christmas time, we would exchange baked goods, and her always seemed to come out perfect. The candles, holly, and table-top tree added a festive glow to her home. Not even the heat that was on too high could make the warmth of her home seem anything but cozy.

She was not a part of our everyday lives, as she was a private person, and we were always busy. She never failed to take the opportunity, however, to share in the important times of our lives. I will never forget the evening of my first dance recital. I had been summoned to her home because she had a very special gift for me to commemorate the occasion. When I opened the small package, my eyes beheld a dainty silver ballerina slipper. Words could not express the wonder I sensed at receiving such a legacy. Even my young mind understood that decades of wisdom and experience had reached out to me and bestowed upon me an heirloom of friendship and a wealth of memories, encased in a tiny velvet box.

Years later, as my weeding approached, she collected a box of crystal glassware from her mismatched sets, and handed them down to me. The love enshrined in that dusty, cardboard box meant more to me than I let her know. Not long after my wedding, her husband passed away. Her health began to fail steadily after his death, and she was soon forced to enter a rest home. I often thought of her alone there, and I promised myself to visit her-someday.

For as long as I live, I will never forget the morning that I looked upon her face for the last time. The eyes that had always twinkled with adventure could no longer hold my attention. Instead, my gaze fell heavily upon something just above her cloudy, white hair. "Helen Gerdes, 97." The now tarnished silver slipper strikes a painful chord of truth in me. She had left me much, but I had given her nothing to leave with. ■

"Bereavement and Chaos"

Tim Roberson

I felt a hole in my heart today.

Part of Herb's was torn down.

A few days ago he told me "Hey - don't try to call me anymore - the phone's been disconnected." With those words he put out his fourth cigarette. With the butt he smashed all the ashes in the ashtray and stacked it on the other three butts to form a type of pyramid.

"You can see why I dress like a bum," he told me. "It's because I have to work in this mess," he continued, motioning his arm around him. "I'd offer you a chair, but the one I'm sitting in is the only one I have left. I can't get you a drink either, because I don't have any glasses."

He sorted through a bag full of letters. The room had been stripped bare, the plaster was cracking, and he was sorting through old letters, sitting in the one chair he had left.

"Mother would have been a hundred had she lived a few more months. She'd been here since '42." He talked to me. I listened. He sorted through old letters and was, in his words, "dressed like a bum."

I felt a hole in my heart today.

Part of Herb's was torn down.

As we stood there, the dust was settling. His old baseball cap sat crooked on his head of gray hair. His eyes squinted through his thick, scratched glasses, drawing his mouth back in a strange grimace which created more wrinkles in his rough and wrinkled face which had gone unshaven that morning. His whiskers were silver. He stood there, "dressed like a bum," holding a coffee mug. His coffee always had lots of cream. I stood there with my arms folded. We both watched the settling of the dust.

"Well..." I sighed.

"Yeah..." he replied.

"Well..." I asked.

"You know..." he answered, "earlier, before you got here, I was standing here watching. You know what I was thinking as I saw it coming down?" I waited. He continued. "I was standing here thinking I really had to go to the bathroom. I thought about going in the bushes over there, but I figured a police officer would drive by and see me. So I went over to the library and said 'I used to live across the street and I need to go to the bathroom and now I don't have one, can I use yours?'" His mouth cracked as if to make a grin, but I thought it was sad.

"See those trees over there?" He pointed to one of the trees by the corner. "That's a Norwegian Maple. It's lowest branch is always about six feet from the ground."

After he said that we were quiet for a while. He then told me I was a good man and added, "There aren't many of us left."

He talked a lot. He spoke whatever was on his mind. Whenever anything popped into his head, he told me.

"Bereavement and chaos," he said. "I can sum all of this up in those three words: bereavement and chaos."

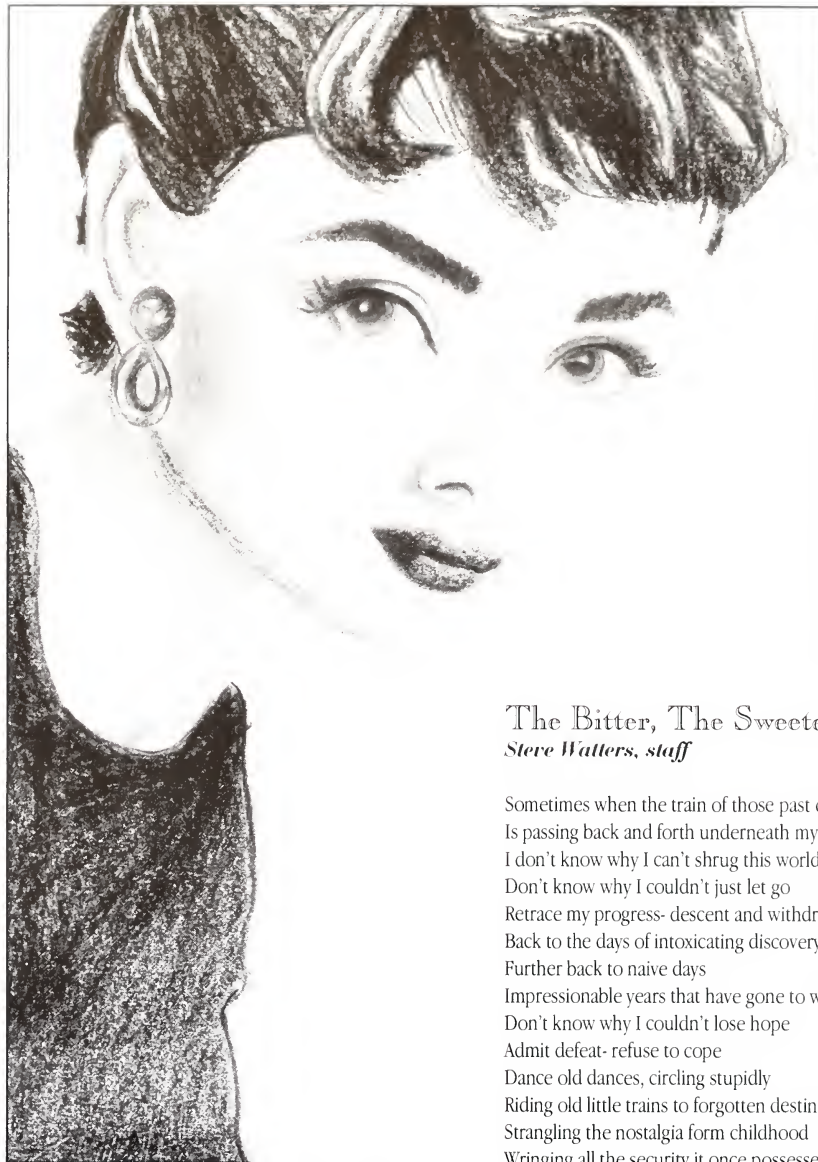
We sat down on a nearby bench. He set his mug down on the ground, then put his elbows on his knees and placed his head in his hands like I had seen him do so many times before. He was hunched over, mumbling to himself, but I couldn't really make out what he was saying.

Then, with his head still in his hands, he spoke up. "The man said that after the doors came off, it was a hazard to people. I think that was just an excuse to speed up the process. See that street right there in front of us? That street's a hazard if people want to stand in it and get run over. Any place can be a hazard if you're there and you're not supposed to be." He paused... "That just wasn't a good excuse."

He was quiet again.

As we sat there, I felt the hole in my heart. Herb sat up.

Then he cried. ■



Leah Miklos

The Bitter, The Sweeter

Stere Walters, staff

Sometimes when the train of those past days
Is passing back and forth underneath my window
I don't know why I can't shrug this world off my shoulders
Don't know why I couldn't just let go
Retrace my progress- descent and withdraw
Back to the days of intoxicating discovery
Further back to naive days
Impressionable years that have gone to waste
Don't know why I couldn't lose hope
Admit defeat- refuse to cope
Dance old dances, circling stupidly
Riding old little trains to forgotten destinations
Strangling the nostalgia form childhood
Wringing all the security it once possessed
I'm riding that train to my tomorrow
I'm not going back - I'm only obsessed



"HUNGRY: WILL EAT FOR FOOD.

The Psycho-social Eating Disorder
of 15 Individuals From
Southwestern Virginia."

Tim Roberson

Welcome to Corridor Q...
Yes, there are only 14 of us,
but, please...
do feel welcome at Corridor
Q.
Is everything alright?
You seem a bit stressed,
a bit overdressed.
Please undress yourself.
(in turkish)
Oh...I see -
nervous.
We all were at one time.
But don't worry -
you'll have your own quarter
here in Corridor
Q.
I hope you like rubber. (heh)
Everything's rubber here. (heh heh)
Rubber walls
rubber floors
rubber beds
rubber doors.
Sorry,
no windows.
But did I mention we have rubber?
Rubber.
Dude, man...
Rubber City.
(perdita)
So,
make yourself at home.
Welcome to Corridor Q.
I bet you're hungry...

The Chair

Aaron Siller

Here I am
the man in the chair
I sit here and watch time roll by
Knowing there is somewhere else
I should be
But I watch as I sit
And I feel as I stare
Your face strokes your hair
across my brow from
an unknown distance
Existence is yours as you prance by
with a defines strut
Stopping only to crush
my over-eager heart
Conversing with another
One stronger than I
One with the nerves to walk unto you
And in my corner of the world
I sit and I wonder will I ever be him
Will I come unto you
Will you know me
The man in the chair.

Reverie

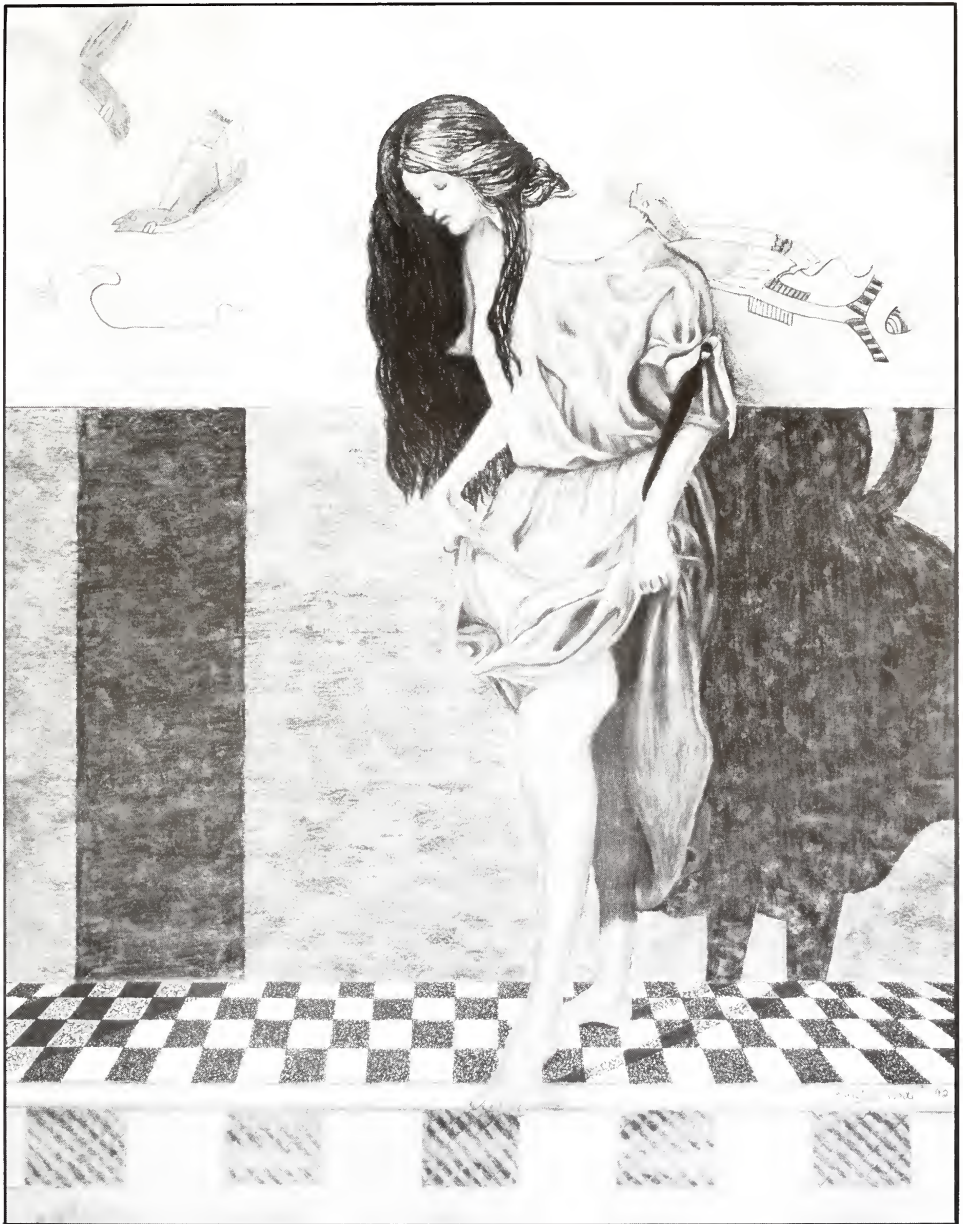
Carissa Rogers

Once a man saw a vision-
Reality or fantasy he could not recall.
A young girl with golden, sun-kissed hair
and electric eyes that made the lucid summer
sky appear mournful and gray,
ran through a field of green velvet
more freely than the eagle who soared the
transcendent trail.
Blossoming flowers reigned at every angle-
the essence of innocence intoxicated the air,
and the songbirds whispered a sweet melody only
to be heard by the pure at heart-
whose souls can reap the blissful harvest.
Through time and imaginary walls, the enigma
of life was forgotten.

What We See

Kendra Gelpi

You look at the world through your
Artificially flavored strawberry
lip gloss perfection.
Your nail polish is fuschia;
Not red.
What you see beyond your pressed
powder haze
is so different from what I see
Because over the rim of your thick lash
mascara,
You don't even see me.



Kristy Verdel

Pseudo-Abstinence

James Havener

Fantastic that I should recognize
Those mouth watering, mind numbing,
Face changing, heart churning flavours,
When I have yet to taste
The fruit of forged desire.

How ripe it is,
And how wonderful I fancy it should taste.
I've oft' tried to simulate it,
But only to my shame.

So dull, so dull
Those pitiful attempts to re-invent
What was created.

When will I know the perfection of possibility?

"Perfection is not in the sensation;
The joy, peace, and satisfaction
Are in what you hold.
This you should know before you ever taste of it."

Sometimes Storms are Soothing

Larry McQueen, staff

Sometimes storms are soothing
when the weather understands,
And bathes my soul in crying rain
and heals with tender hands.
My silent sighs are somehow heard
and whispered by the wind;
With rumbling voice, cloud speaks to cloud
till all the sky joins in.
A storm's a friend when love's desire
becomes a crushing weight;
But what good is the thunder
to dispel this gloomy fate?
I need a smile, not faceless clouds
to chase my pain away,
Sometimes storms are soothing,
but I still like sunny days.

Untitled

Will Melendez

The tears trickled down into boredom as my teacher droned on and on like a honey bee.

Entranced by the girl beside me, I was enlightened and began to poeticize. The richness of her red hair spoke words onto my page. Her beauty inked itself across my paper. Captivated as I was, I felt compelled to give her my written mirror of her exquisite image.

Enthralled with my replica she flushed and actually communicated, "I don't know what to say."

Stupidity disallowed me to just absorb the compliment and return my attention to the teacher. So I enquired rather excitedly, "Then why don't you say you'll go out with me this friday night."

My query was quickly answered with a most pitying smile.

"Why don't I just say, 'Thank you'" ■

A Mocking Bird Calls Me

Sarah Engh

a mocking bird calls me
 with beauty that penetrates me
 "your muse I am" he sings
 but need I a muse
 my pain strength enough
 for all live on pain
 it assures existence

I wish you were more important than me
 why did I choose myself
 to care for
 happiness would be more ready
 were I not apart of my mission

someday I'll know heaven
 the glorious pinnacle
 towering thousands of miles
 over the sea
 under which is a small pebble
 with me inside
 I see no pinnacle
 but I can imagine

I am too feeble here
 I am chained in life by choice
 of not choosing death
 and I've fallen into a wishing well
 sitting here in knee-deep water
 with slime, dirt, and pennies
 when I'm ready I'll climb back out

one can't stay this way long
 one can't stay any way long
 lonely, happy, excited
 running in circles
 pain the strengthener of each cycle

which has more beauty
 the mockingbirds singing to me
 or the pain of existence

which has more meaning
 the pebble
 or the pinnacle

Living in Samaria

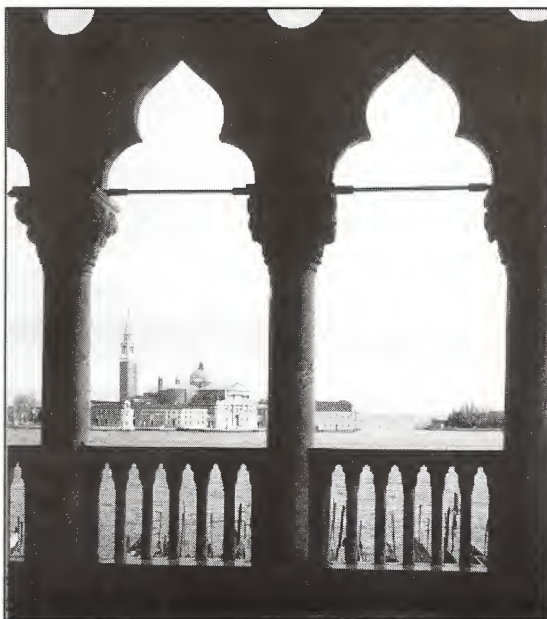
Lloyd Harp

rapidly falling,
 hopelessly stalling,
 endlessly calling,
 Calling for the Savior of the world.

paralyzed,
 hypnotized,
 hearing lies,
HEARING LIES!
 Longing for the Savior of my soul.

ruined by hate,
 fearing fate,
 no longer wait,
 Yearning for the Savior.

desperately seeking,
 heart and soul reeking,
 gently He's speaking,
 "Go and sin no more."



Andrea Buma

When embarking upon any means of expression, any form of art, any offering of ourselves, there is always some risk involved. What we offer may fail, be rejected, or perhaps worst of all, go unnoticed. But it is this risk that makes our gift so pure.

Please continue to submit your works. This term's staff have offered deep insight, careful consideration, many sleepless nights, and complete confidentiality in deciding what would fill these pages. I sincerely hope that you will read it and enjoy it. *-Truly Yours, Micah Voraritskul*

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